

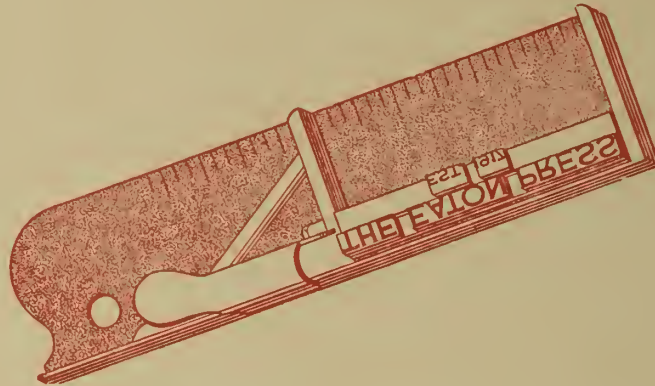
*The  
Latin School  
Winter Issue*



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1933*

**REGISTER**

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



*Winter Issue*

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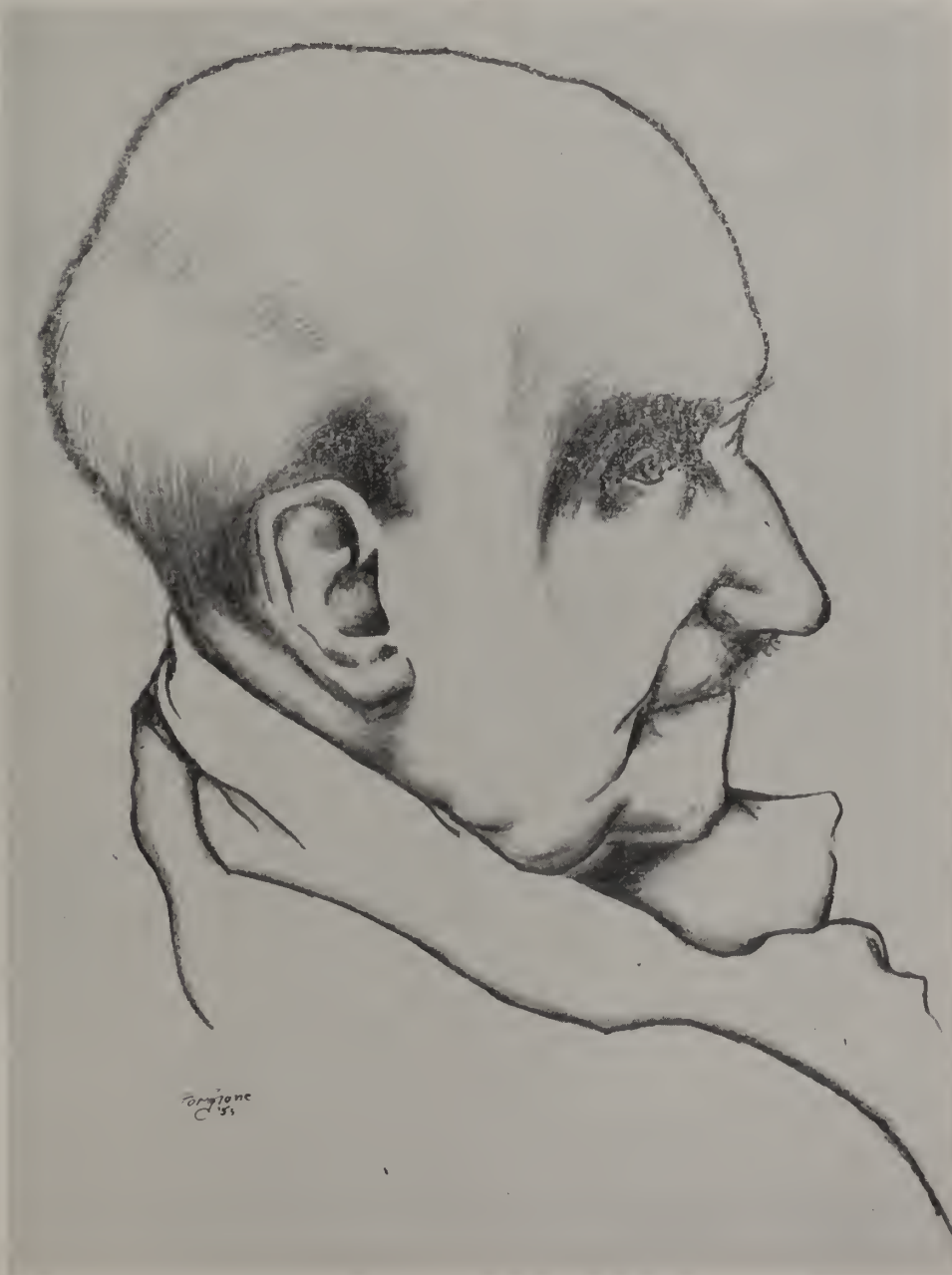
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# George Santayana

ALBERT G. FORGIONE, '53



**T**HIS ARTICLE IS NOT an attempt at an appreciation of George Santayana. Far better writers, who

have sought to express what they thought of the writings and the philosophy of George Santayana, have fal-

len short of the mark. I am in the position of many young students as I sit here and wonder. Like many others, I know this man through estimates that have been written about him. All give indication of a great mind, a great character. but what influenced him to spend many years of his life in isolation? Many people knew this man, but I am not one of them. Therefore, these paragraphs are written merely to introduce to the readers of the *Register* its first editor.

George Santayana was always an alien to the American world in which he began his career. After twenty-three years on the Harvard faculty, he left this country to live the rest of his life quietly at Oxford and in Rome. At Harvard he began to write the novel "The Last Puritan," that was to make his name a household word in 1936. Although he never returned to America, his novel was written against a Boston background and contains, according to most critics, a distillation of the philosophy he studied, taught, and lived. He came to this country in 1872 at the age of nine, unable to speak a word of English.

At kindergarten, where he associated with children much younger than he, young Santayana learned English. Later, at the Boston Latin School, he acquired an unquenchable taste for poetry. Known for his power of observation and for his ability to put whatever he saw or felt onto paper in a style delightfully unusual, he served to strike a note of classical perfection in both his verse and his prose.

During the summer of his freshman year at Harvard, when he was eighteen, he returned to his native Spain for a visit. Although he had never felt entirely at home in America, he felt less so in Spain. Deciding upon an academic career in the United States—although in his own words, "scholarship of any sort always seemed to me a means, not an end, and I always hated to be a professor"—he began the formal study of philosophy upon his return. After his graduation in 1886, he went to Germany to study. Upon receiving his master's degree and his doctorate, Mr. Santayana joined the Harvard

faculty as an instructor. His earliest philosophic enthusiasms were from Schopenhauer, Lucretius, and Spinoza; but these began to wane as he delved more and more into the minds of the Greeks. During his Harvard years, although Professor Santayana lived for the most part by himself, he preferred the company of students to that of his colleagues on the faculty.

In 1912, when he decided to retire from his Harvard professorship, he went to England to live. During the first World War years he resided quietly at Oxford. At the close of hostilities he moved to Rome, where he lived his simple and solitary existence in a high house that looked down upon Bernini's fountain of Triton. Years later, when he had to find a name for his collected works, he found it in the fountain. One day, as he sat thinking about the many books he had written quietly and alone, there came to mind Wordsworth's lines, written when that earlier poet-philosopher was meditating upon "a world too much with us"; and he concluded that he would rather be "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" and see "Proteus rising from the sea or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn." With this last line came to Santayana the title for his "Triton Edition."

Into this edition of his works went such gentle classics as "Soliloquies in England," "Character and Opinion in the United States," "Skepticism and Animal Faith," "The Realm of Matter," "The Realm of Essence," and "Dialogues in Limbo." All of these great works had come to fruition during his self-imposed limbo in Rome.

Aside from lectures at Harvard and in France, where he was Hyde Lecturer in 1905 at the University of Paris, he made few public appearances. In 1923 he gave the Herbert Spencer Lecture on "The Unknowable" at Oxford; in 1932 he made two appearances—one before the Royal Society of Literature in London, where he spoke on the philosophy of John Locke; the other, before the Spinoza Congress at The Hague, where he read the paper "Ultimate Religion." In 1945 the Nicholas Murray Butler Gold Medal of Colum-



bia University — conferred once every five years for the most distinguished contribution to philosophy or educational theory, practice or administration anywhere in the world—was awarded to him.

Santayana, who, in one of his books, called himself “an ignorant man, almost a poet,” produced a great classic — “The Life of Reason.” In this volume he stated the essence of his attitude toward nature, life, and society.

In the last six years of his life Santayana almost never left his room. Occasionally he received visitors in his chamber in the convent nursing home at the Church of Stefano Rotundo. They found him clad in pajamas and dressing-gown—his round head bald, his moustache white, the sight of his protruding eyes failing, and his hearing growing dim. He remained cheerful, however, and went on incessantly reading, writing, and thinking in solitude.

In the *New York Times*, September 28, 1952, appeared the following: “Rome, September 27—George San-

tayana, famed poet and philosopher, died at the age of eighty-eight, in his sleep on the night of September 26, of cancer of the stomach. He succumbed in a little room which he had occupied for many years at the Little Company of Mary, known affectionately as the Blue Sisters.

“We can do nothing better than to print the following paragraph which was written by one of his students:— ‘Those who remember him in the classroom will remember him as a spirit solemn, sweet and withdrawn, whose Johannine face by a Renaissance Painter held an abstract eye and a hieratic smile, half mischief, half content; whose rich voice flowed evenly, in cadence, smooth and balanced as a liturgy; whose periods had the intricate perfection of a poem and the import of a prophecy; who spoke somehow for his reader and not to them, stirring the depths of their nature and troubling their minds as an oracle might, to whom pertained mystery and reverence, so compact of remoteness was he, so moving and unmoved.’ ”

## Death

WILLIAM A. WELCH, '53

Alas, repulsive and unwanted Maid,  
 How justly sad your withered face appears.  
 Each dying man beholds your form with tears,  
 Because his debt to God must now be paid.  
 No mortal mind appreciates your trade,  
 But ranks it as the summit of its fears.  
 Just as men dread a burning rod which sears,  
 Their tender flesh of you is sore afraid.  
 But, tell me, why is your dark countenance  
 Regarded in this way? When one discerns  
 Your form, he should rejoice; for what is this  
 But payment for eternal residence  
 In that celestial clime where all concerns  
 And worldly toils will be replaced by bliss?





tion-and-answer portion, we have here a full-page detailed map of Boston Latin School and vicinity, including such important features as the following:

- a) The actual location of Room 435 (Mr. Meanor's home-room)
- b) The secret passage leading directly from the third-floor to Harvard.
- c) The hidden gym, where the lacrosse team holds its practice.
- d) The escape chute, located on the third-floor, which has its outlet at Sharaf's.

These and many more secret passages are revealed. Besides this feature, we have a section of definitions, supplying you with all those words you must know, in order to understand Latin School talk.

Examples:

*Assembly*—A method of avoiding recitations.

*Misdemeanor Mark*—A method of avoiding approbation cards.

*Approbation Card*—A method of avoiding home-grown black and blue marks.

If you are historically minded, *Ye*

*Sixth-Classman's Guide* contains brief life-histories of the great Sixth Classmen of the past. Such important little men as Stanislaus Gibone, first "Sixie" ever to return with a left-handed monkey-wrench; Rudolph Zilch, who holds the Sixth Class misdemeanor mark record (433 marks in three periods); or William Schlemiel, holder of the record for the shortest time spent attending B.L.S. before transferring to another school (2.85 seconds). Why, this book is a *must* for every Sixth Classman! Ah! You're beginning to waver. You're reaching for your Ritchie's *First Steps*. Don't hesitate!

This book will even tell you where to purchase a horse capable of galloping or at least trotting through Ritchie's *First Steps*. It's a deal? Good; here you are, my little man, and may you succeed at Boston Latin School! Should you still be here next semester, I have another volume entitled *Ye Fifth-Classman's Handy Guide to Boston Latin School* by M. Cicero (Max Cicero, former fifth-classman). The price next year will be Ritchie's *Second Steps*. *Au revoir!*

## Boy Becomes Man

BRUCE NIELSEN, '54

HE STOOD IN THE STREET with his thumb raised in the traditional suppliant's gesture and swore mechanically at the cars that passed him. He was sixteen and a half and in the shambling stage; and his lips pursed into a quizzical sneer under the long-lashed blue eyes. His hair, a curious color, was dark at the roots, but with the sheen of polished brass. (His mother had lashed him with words about the hair, but he had stopped further use of peroxide by boredom rather than authority.) His costume was that of his tribe: sloppy Chino trousers; scuffed bucks; checked sport shirt, which he wore regardless of his father's acid remarks.

He had been kept for thirty minutes after school because the "so-and-so" who was his homeroom teacher couldn't see a joke, even with the aid of a micro-

scope. The gang would already be there. He inched farther into the street, turned on his most charming smile, and swiveled his thumb at an approaching car. The driver stopped. She was a woman about his mother's age and immediately showed that maternal interest which disgusted him at home.

She began to ask all the routine questions: what grade was he in, did he have any brothers or sisters, what was his favorite subject, and did he know so-and-so who went to his school? That was the worst thing about catching a ride with a woman. All they did was talk, and they never could drive an automobile. Creeping along at twenty-five or thirty! He tolerated her until they were a block away from The Hangout. "I'll hop off here," he said dryly. "Much obliged." When she had driven away, he walked rapidly toward

The Hangout. It was a combination drugstore and ice-cream parlor, although you had to look hard to find the nook in the wall that served as a prescription counter.

He shouldered the door and stepped inside: into the blare of voices and juke box, and the strange smell which pervades The Hangout. He saw his buddy Rick in a booth; but it was already crowded. He passed them up. If Rick was talking to girls, that booth was not for him. Instead, he sauntered to the fountain and slid onto a stool. It was then that he noticed her. She was the new girl in his biology class. He had noticed her at first because she was a new face to look at; later because she was a girl, and he was becoming aware of girls. Somehow he fell into a conversation with her.

Carol was smaller than he was, and very pretty. What impressed him most, though, was that, instead of trying to look and act like most girls, she wore attractive clothes and acted intelligent. She went so far as to admit that she liked school and the biology teacher. He lied when he agreed; for he and Rick considered all teachers "drips". He couldn't figure her, but in a few days he found himself walking her home after classes.

She wasn't exactly comfortable to be with: she asked a lot of questions and spoke too freely. "Your hair certainly does look funny with that peroxide on the ends," she told him one day. "Why don't you cut it off? It's too long."

The next Saturday the teen-aged Samson went to the barbershop and emerged with a crew cut. Rick kidded

him without mercy, but he found satisfaction in sharing Carol's defiance of current fashions.

The next week, he invited her to a movie, thereby declaring submission. Much to his father's surprise, he even donned a pair of wool trousers and an immaculate shirt.

The truth came to him with a bitter reluctance. Carol was undoubtedly the prettiest and smartest girl in the class, but she was different. It was her independence that worried him. If she didn't like a thing, she said so; if she didn't want to do something currently fashionable, she didn't do it. After the gang found how she was, they rode him hard and scorned her, so that he lived in a turmoil of conflicting loyalties. Well, no girl was going to run his life or tell him what to do. He wasn't sure of his logic, but it was all he had. He avoided her for two weeks, but all the while he felt miserable.

When his heart had slowed down and he had fortified his spirit with a banana, a glass of milk, and half an apple pie, he went to his room. He flopped on the bed with his feet propped on the headboard, cradled the phone in his shoulder, and dialed Carol's number. She answered the phone herself, and the sound of her voice made his skin tingle.

When he hung up forty-five minutes later, he was feeling wonderful until he thought of the gang and their contempt. He had made up his mind: let any one of them talk and he'd pound him into the ground. No one was going to talk about his girl.

## *Ode to a School Bag*

HAROLD L. GOLDBERG, '53

You're made of plain green cloth  
 With a string to draw you tight;  
 And probably by the end of June,  
 You'll be a sorry sight!  
 Each afternoon I load my books;  
 They fatten you up and improve your looks;  
 But the time to me you seem the best  
 Is when you are the skinniest.

# The Wartman Cometh

MORRIS M. GOLDINGS, '53

THREE YEARS AGO, a treatise entitled "Warts the Trouble" appeared in this magazine and apparently set the literary world on fire. Since that time, for example, Webster has published a new and revised edition of his Dictionary, Roget has simplified his Thesaurus, and Ernest Hemingway has written "The Old Man and the Sea." Even the *Register* has been swept along by the increasing interest in things literary. The Circulation Staff reports that voluntary subscriptions have been doubled. (There are now two.)

The literati were not the only ones to be affected by my first published work. Recently I have read that the witch-doctors of Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland have decided to weed out "quacks" from among the medicine men (in Africa, that is). The medical profession in this part of our planet has progressed with startling speed, and the field of dermatology seems to have suffered no ill-effects from my analytical survey of its procedures and accomplishments. With an earnest desire, however, to add to the knowledge of this medical specialty, I feel it my duty to sally forth once more and to record for posterity certain facts which I have learned since my first article and thus share with all men, women, and doctors the earth-shaking information set forth below.

As part of an English homeleson assigned by the eccentric master in Room 235, I was required to read the first twenty-two hundred pages of "The Complete Works of Mark Twain." (The length of the homeleson was explained by the fact that "we had a whole week-end to do it.") Included in these works is an account on how to lose warts. Mr. Clemens suggests the following materials (changes having been made from the original text because of recent medical discoveries):



1 frog in the back pocket

1 gram of Wednesday's hot lunch

1 owl, hooting *Arma virumque cano*

If followed closely, the above procedure will definitely lead to a serious mental condition, in comparison with which the wart will seem insignificant.

Another new theory claims that the entire condition is a psychological one and will improve when all sources of worry have been removed. As no physics masters have retired lately, this is a useless remedy. (For those lower-classmen who fail to understand the prevalent feeling among some members of the Class of '53 concerning the study of physics, I have one note of explanation: You'll see, Jack.) In addition to this suggestion, hundreds of home remedies are available for the removal of warts; but, as these have been known to be of value only at times, they are of no great interest to the profession.

Self-hypnosis is a new method of treatment. This system, however, is too unpredictable. After a week's treatment, my wart was still on my finger, but my class ring was gone. (Scholastic Jewelers, Inc.'s guarantee against tornadoes, tidal waves, and sneak hydrogen-bomb attacks unfortunately does not cover such a case.)

All other treatments failing, I had a last resort: the doctor. For a recounting of this ordeal, please see the

original story in the *Register* or perhaps some day as a public-service feature in *Reader's Digest*. I now have no more warts, but the field of dermatology has, through no fault of its own, adopted the motto "The wart is dead. Long live the wart!" If this is the case, I

shall be forced to take the advice of famous French master who, in the good old days, taught in Room 333. His cure, freely translated from the original Sanskrit, is "amputation of the big toe just below the neck."

## How to Rig an Election

HENRY S. HEIFETZ, '53

EACH YEAR, the Senior Class at Boston Latin School during the early part of November, is faced with the prospect of choosing class officers. The process is more or less standardized. In early October, the candidates put up their signs in the third-floor corridors. Later in the month, nominating papers are distributed; and candidates run about, frantically seeking nominating signatures. A primary is held for those having the requisite number of signatures; and, finally, on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, the Senior Class chooses its officers by popular vote.

The process is straightforward and democratic. Possibly, however, an ambitious office-seeker may some day wish to use other methods—methods which have withstood the test of time. In future years, perhaps, some Class I member may appear whose average grade in all subjects is twelve per cent; whose extracurricular activities are confined to beating up Sixth Classmen and killing ants; who is despised by those who know him and hated by those who don't. With these qualifications, he may wish to run for office. "Joe" Gloomp (not "Joe" Zilch this time) has decided on the following program of procedure in his search for fame:

(a) The first step is taken when names of aspirants are submitted to the Library on sheets of physics paper. With paper in hand, Joe Gloomp stations himself at the Library door. As bright-eyed office-seekers enter, Gloomp graciously offers his pen. The pen, of course, contains disappearing ink, thus eliminating at the outset several candidates.

(b) When nomination papers are issued, the office-seeker usually scouts the school, looking for Senior signatures. Not Mr. Gloomp! He corrals signatures of every one except Seniors: Sixies, E.H.S. Boys who have strayed into the building, shaggy dogs, and roving buffaloes who can sign with a cross on the hoof. This maneuver will prove to gullible Seniors that Gloomp has the school behind him.

(c) As Primary Day nears, however, the candidate must take concrete action to persuade reluctant Seniors. Gloomp secures the following ingredients:

(1) Goon squads are imported from the hills (West Roxbury) or from the desert (Dorchester), at a ratio of two goons to each Senior with black jacks, switch-blade knives, clubs, electric branding-iron, and other necessary goon equipment.

(2) Fifth-column infiltration with pro-Gloomp propaganda is spread by Seniors who have been promised such posts as Governor of Massachusetts or Pro-Consul of Mattapan.

(3) Campaign slogans appear, such as "Heil, Gloomp!" "Vive Gloomp!" "Yeah, Gloomp!" "Gloomp, Gloomp!" or "Gloomp for me; Gloomp for you! Gloomp will win, or we will sue!" Also campaign songs are used with telling effect. (A fair sample: To be sung to the tune of *High Noon*.)

"Do not forsake me, O my voters.

On this election day. Aye,

Do not forsake me, O my voters;

Vote. Vote for Gloomp!

You do not know what fate awaits you,

You'd better vote for Joe Gloomp soon.

Because if Gloomp is not elected,  
 You will be shot down; you will be  
 shot down;  
 Yes, you'll be shot down  
 At High Noon."

Such slogans and songs are supplemented by visits of the "goon" squads to homerooms. (Also an occasional Senior mysteriously disappears out of a window or while changing socks before phys. ed.) Cards are circulated among students with such clever inscriptions as "Vote for Gloomp, or else!" or "The only good anti-Gloomp man is a dead anti-Gloomp man."

(d) Having been nominated together with one other candidate,

Gloomp arranges to have his rival's locker secretly opened on Election Day and his opponent's lunch replaced by a camouflaged Latin School cafeteria hot lunch.

(e) Now, left without any opposition, Gloomp is triumphantly swept into power. He may then dispose of his "goon" squad with the remnants of his opponent's last hot lunch and thus reign supreme as King Gloomp the First. Heil, Gloomp!

Already I'm being swept away. Well, enough of this! Good luck, Joe Gloomp, if you ever arise; and remember, above all, play fair.

## *Skiing the Ravine*

ALAN J. CUSHNER, '53

**T**HIS IS THE PEAK—the supreme test of our skiing ability. We are climbing the left Gully at the famed Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington, New Hampshire.

The man ahead of us is Steven Ritt, an old hand at this sport. He has traveled on skis throughout the Northeast and Canada and into parts of the West. Slowly he climbs at the head, kicking steps into the snow. Behind us is Soya Mars, a member of the Tufts ski team, a top contender for the Olympics. Just last year he came within seconds of breaking the record on the "Thunderbolt."

Here we are between these two ski champs. For months we have looked forward to the moment when we shall be hurtling down the treacherous run.

It has been decided to ski conservatively, not too fast. We shall use neat little jump turns in the "Bottleneck" and swing into the traverse with a long, powerful Christie. The Sunday afternoon crowd will stop to watch. Yes, they will stand in the "Bowl" and see us glide down in perfect control, avoiding a wrong turn or check into the rocks.

Then we shall "run" into the Bowl (plenty of room and no danger there): take it straight in one long, fast schuss:

and swing abruptly to a stop, with the snow flying behind us in one magnificent spray. Oh, yes; make the snow fly! (At least it looked that way when the pros did it.) Everybody will watch us with gasps of admiration, just as we had watched the others.

The climbing becomes more difficult. Steve is working harder now at kicking steps. He pauses a moment. "Let's take a minute!" he calls down, as he takes his skis off his shoulder and rests them against the slope.

We rest and take in the view. Wow! We've already covered a long stretch from the base. Below lies the Bowl, far down. The skiers at the foot look small; we cannot hear them shout to one another. We cannot hear the swishing of the skis. Yet we are still only halfway to the summit.

We look over Hermit Lake, past the Lion Head and Carter Range, to the Notch. The snow, which has turned into lumps and patches of olive and brown over there, has broken up, shrunk, and disappeared; but strange bits of grey, dimmed by the mountain haze, must be the results of thawing 3,000 feet below in the valley.

"May I take lead for a while, Steve?"

"Sure thing; it's all yours."

We lift our skis to weary shoulders

and step out into the steep slope. Suddenly we slip and start sliding down on the snow. We throw our body forward and dig in our heels. We stop.

"That's one way of getting down," grins Soya, sun-tanned and weather-beaten.

We smile sheepishly. Maybe we are not so good as we think we are. Why did they ask us to come up here, anyway? We, with those two experts! Sure we looked good skiing on the cone, but it's a cinch down there.

Just this afternoon, a few hours ago, Steve and Soya suggested we ski the Gully. We agreed without a moment's hesitation. Almost immediately, however, we found ourselves wondering whether we could do it. Just the name, the Left Gully, packs a wallop. It's loaded with the type of things we want to do but are too afraid to do them.

"Well, if they think I can make it, I guess I can, all right," I mumble to myself.

We are sweating freely now. Funny, skiing is supposed to be a cold weather sport; but we are uncomfortably hot. We are fools to have offered to kick steps. We are worse than fools to have come thus far.

"Let's take a breather!" Soya calls up to us a moment later.

There's nothing we'd rather do. We are up in the Bottleneck now. It's narrow, about fifteen feet of snow between the ledges. And boy, is it deep! We can stand straight up in the footholes and touch the slope by merely stretching out our elbows. This was the place we were going to try those tricky jump-turns. Ha!

We look down and realize that we are above the blind spot. We should have studied the slope below to figure out just what to do after coming out of the blind spot. That's the dangerous place.

We feel strong, and we are on our legs again. In a few minutes we shall be on the top. The minutes drag on forever. We finally get there. Steve is all ready to go; we are next.

Steve does a beautiful jump turn around the cornice and leaves Soya and us to ourselves. Steve gathers speed, nearly sixty miles an hour, as

he swings into a gallant stem (turn). Now he's at the bottleneck. He's taking it straight, and he's out of sight behind the ledges. A few moments later, nearly twelve hundred feet below, we see him. The small figure motions forward with his ski pole—to us.

We are next. WE ARE NEXT! We adjust the bindings for the eighth time. We put on our ski glasses. Everything tight? Yes. But we don't go. We just stand there and look down.

Soya knows what we are thinking. "Take it easy; just relax," he calls. We go on praying.

"I'll try." We swallow hard and smile at him. "Here goes nothing!" Just before we dig our poles in, we think, "We are really fools."

We are on the slope now. We sidestep a little . . . Easy now. Get forward. Stick your right pole in. There; jump . . . We made it . . . First turn. That's the worst. Steady. Do it conservatively, as you planned . . . Control; stay under control. Get forward; forward. Way over the tips. You're going faster. The slope. You see the rocks shooting by the corner of your eye. You're at the Bottleneck. Too fast . . . too fast. Watch your control. Check, check. You're doing fine. Here's the blind spot. Too fast. Too fast. Where's that turn? Check . . . O. K. Now that long power-turn into the traverse. Can your feet hold out? Here's the rim of the Bowl. They're all watching. Take it straight. Only got one life. Live it up. No. No. *Too fast*. No, don't show off. Look out that icy jump. More stability. Check. Turn. It's easy at this speed. There's Steve. He's watching you. One last turn with the snow flying. Yuh, you'd make the snow fly. There; it's over.

We made it; we traversed the Left Gully. Steve taps you on the back with his ski pole.

"Nice run," he grunts approvingly.

We don't remember the next few moments. Maybe we watched Soya "run" it, but we'll never forget skiing the king of mountain trails, Tucker-man's Ravine, Left Gully, Mt. Washington, New Hampshire.



## The Barrier

A. H. MARTIN, '56

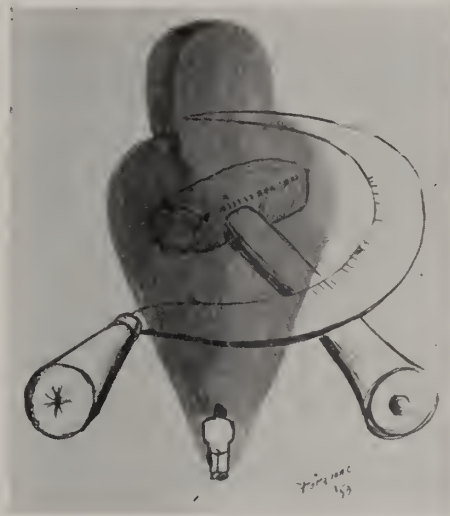
CAUTIOUSLY, through the straggling clump of bushes, Carl crawled on his hands and knees. If only he could get by the guards! He had little chance against six burly men, armed with grenades and sub-machine guns. He clenched his minute .38 in his left hand—his right had been crippled by an overseer—and crawled to the edge of the pasture. Sixty feet of open ground with cruel killers waiting, ready to shoot anything that moved.

He inched his way over the dirt, grass, and mud; but he had not gone ten feet when a shout told him he had been discovered. Blindly he rose and ran for the woods beyond. He heard the rattle of machine-guns. A sudden pain stabbed his arm—he kept going.

Suddenly the shooting stopped. An explosion broke the stillness. Carl felt himself being hurtled through the air. A thousand pains assailed his body. Then unconsciousness laid its merciful blanket over him.

It was night when he awoke. He was lying in a ditch. Carl shook his head, trying to clear away the cobwebs. There was blood caked on his arm, and his clothes were torn; but . . . he was still alive.

Raising his head slightly, he saw that he was less than twenty feet from the woods; but between him and freedom were two well-armed guards. Picking up a pebble, he threw it to the far end of the pasture. One left and walked towards the noise. Carl crept up to the remaining guard; and, with a strength born of desperation, he brought his clenched fist hard upon the enemy's neck. He dropped to the



carpet of green silently. Carl ran wildly into the brush as a whistle blew behind him. He knew that soon countless guards would be on his trail.

After what seemed hours of running, he came to the peak. There, almost sixty feet below, was the small lake which was his goal. Large rocks jutted from the surface, but he had his choice of being killed on the rocks or being shot as a traitor to the people.

Down he plunged, breaking the surf between two large rocks. The cold water rushed about his head, and he knew he was safe. With just his head above water, he hid on a shelf of rocks.

It was late night when he crawled ashore and began walking slowly up the long road. He was free now. He could go to the United States, a fitting objective for a man who had pierced the Iron Curtain.



## *I Am Who?*

HENRY S. HEIFETZ, '53

Here it is! No's. 4 and 5 in the great hippopotamus contest. Are you cutting out and saving these contest paragraphs? Remember, only 11,442 more are required for a complete set. As soon as you have accumulated and identified all 11,446, remember the address: Box 469783124, Alzboc, Afghanistan.

*Flash!* The board of judges has just announced that further awards will be offered to contestants. In addition to the previously announced prizes (consisting of adult male hippopotami) two aardvarks (complete with anthills) will be presented to each of the top 267 prize-winners. Remember, this contest will be judged solely on individual merit. (Individuals enclosing money are considered exceptionally meritorious.)

And now:

4. In the ancient prehistoric days, when I had a home-room, I was known to my intimates as The Chief. Now that these days are past, I am known by various other names. My system of recitation is well known, and I am truly sorrrrv when my pupils are unable to answer me. I have just finished re-reading "Hamlet." (It deserves an 8/8), and I now sign off under my code name, The Wise Old Aardvark. I am who?

5. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I teach Greek and Latin, not Albanian and Yugoslavian. Yes, correct, all right. I enjoy hearing my boys recite; they usually have perfect recitations. (You can't make mistakes if you don't say anything). Latin is an interesting language. Take the common word *Papyrifera* (i.e. one who bears papyrus). It's found 17 times in the Aeneid, 8 times in Horace, 9 times in Ovid, 2 times in Cicero, and once in Tacitus. (Page 4, line 3, third word from the end) yes, correct. I am who?

## *The Youth of Today*

DAVID S. SPIEL, '56

When I was young I worked all day,  
 Though mean was my boss and poor my pay.  
 When one job was lost, I searched for another  
 And helped to support my father and mother.  
 There were many tasks and little fun —  
 So much to learn; so much to be done.  
 Through college I finally worked my way;  
 And rich and successful I am today.

But now the average boy you see  
 Out on the ball-field will probably be;  
 Or snug at home to watch T.V.;  
 Or reading a comic book under a tree.  
 You see him in a snowball fight;  
 Or out with a girl on Saturday night;  
 Little work, little study; mostly joy —  
 Oh, how I wish I were a boy! . . . . .

# EDITORIALS

## *The United States and World Peace*

War, according to Webster's Dictionary, is "a contest between states carried on by force". This is a concise definition of an evil which has dogged man's heels since he first emerged from primeval chaos. "A contest between states carried on by force" does not suffice to describe the death and destruction, the havoc and devastation, the tragedy and grief, generated by the many-sided monster of war.

As a means of settling human disputes, the institution of war has had a long and lurid history. In preference to peaceful arbitration, man has usually resorted to war; and war, in turn, has usually brought disaster to both victor and vanquished. The promise of world peace, the abolition of war as a means towards an end, has interested thinking individuals for centuries. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the movement has gained momentum and progressed through the ill-fated League of Nations to the United Nations of today.

In this age of super-science, world peace may be considered almost synonymous with world survival. War in 900 A.D. meant swords and spears; war in 1700 meant muskets and cannon; war in 1940 signified howitzers and flame-throwers; war in 1960 may well mean biological warfare and, proud achievement of science, a bomb which can vaporize islands. The earth cannot afford another world war; for, if there is a third global conflict, World War IV may well be fought with clubs.

As acknowledged leader of the democratic nations (at least in wealth and prestige) the United States of America stands at a crossroads. To the right lies the grandiose dream of world peace; to the left, the menace of totalitarian aggression. Onto which road our country will be forced by the current of fate, only time will tell.

No country would be hurt more by war than America. The United States would be the primary target of aggression; and the youth of America would fight and die, as they have fought and died in the past, on the manifold battle-fronts of a far-flung world. Another generation and, perhaps, all future generations would be cursed with the specter of military service.

Yet, it is difficult to understand how any person or nation, for any reason whatsoever, can possibly want another war. After two holocausts have descended upon the world within the brief space of fifty years, any state turning to war, as a means of territorial expansion or ideological indoctrination, must be considered traitorous to man.

If the race is to survive and move onward and upward, reaching for the stars, man must eliminate war. Whether this great concept may be achieved through the medium of the United Nations will soon be discovered. Affairs must never be allowed to reach a pass where war becomes inevitable. In order to survive and rise, the world must be at peace; for war, no matter why it is fought, always produces the same finished product: degradation, destruction, and death.

# B. L. S.

MARC HERBERT RICHMAN, '53

When first I entered your portals wide,  
 Tension and fear I tried to hide.  
 They told me my size was that of a pixie,  
 And every one called me "Little Sixie!"  
 It took a while to get adjusted;  
 At times, I fear I became disgusted.  
 Soon I learned to follow the pattern  
 Of the strict routine of Boston Latin.  
 I studied hard and, for compensation,  
 Received a card of approbation.  
 English, Latin, math I'd cram,  
 Trying harder in each exam.  
 Each year a challenge, bright and new,  
 Gave me more and more to do.  
 Clubs and sports and music beside  
 Presented chances varied and wide.  
 Now that I've reached my senior year,  
 It's leaving the school, I really fear.  
 To it I owe a debt of thanks  
 For admitting me to its honored ranks.



The Register Staff  
 wishes its readers  
 a Very Merry  
 Christmas  
 and a  
 Happy New Year



## Football

### Pre-Season Upset

September 26, 1952

In a fifteen-minute scrimmage with South Boston at the annual Jamboree at the George White Stadium, Latin went down to defeat, 7-6. Southie ran Dickey's kickoff to the "8", where John Kannegieser made a vicious tackle. Three cracks at the Purple's line netted scant yardage, and on fourth down Southie punted. It wasn't until after the teams had exchanged kicks that Latin's offensive machine was put into high gear. Starting from their own "38", Latin drove to Southie's "1", highlighted by runs of sixteen and eight yards by Fitzgerald and a Shnider-to-Arena pass. From here Fitzgerald went over for the touchdown to put Latin ahead. White's kick was blocked, and the score remained 6-0. From here on, it was Southie's ball game. A 58-yard pass play put the Red and Blue on Latins' "15", but a timely interception by Kannegieser ended the threat.

Neither team was able to do much until late in the game, when Southie scored the equalizer on a 15-yard pass. From three yards out, Southie rushed for the point successfully to make it South Boston—7; Latin—6. Shnider attempted to take to the air, but in vain, as he was continually rushed. The game ended with Southie in possession on Latin's "38".

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

John Kannegieser was easily the standout performer for B.L.S. His two timely interceptions and excellent all-round play kept Latin in the game . . . "Bob" Fitzgerald played his usual stellar game . . . Despite all efforts, Latin was unable to stop the passing of Southie's Jim Allen. The deception in South Boston's backfield had Latin baffled on many an occasion . . . Latin lost 75 yards in penalties.





... All Hail ...  
The Champs

BOSTON LATIN	13
BOSTON LATIN	25
BOSTON LATIN	28
BOSTON LATIN	20
BOSTON LATIN	20
BOSTON LATIN	53
BOSTON LATIN	30



B. C. HIGH	13
BOSTON TRADE	13
MEMORIAL HIGH	0
BOSTON TECH	13
DORCHESTER HIGH	19
COMMERCE	6
ENGLISH HIGH	12



## Latin Tops St. Mark's

October 4, 1952

Boston Latin came from behind, with two touchdowns in the final quarter, to defeat St. Mark's, 19-7, at Southboro. Latin won the toss and elected to receive. Kannegieser took the kick in the end-zone and got it back to the 11-yard line. Two plays later he swept around end to pick up about fourteen yards. Phil Arena racked up a 20-yard gain to the "49", but there the attack stalled; and Latin was forced to kick. Neither team could get anywhere until St. Mark's recovered a fumble on Latin's "38," about midway through the first quarter. St. Mark's drove down to Latin's 2-yard line and scored from there on a deceptive reverse. The kick was good; and St. Mark's led, 7-0.

"Bob" Fitzgerald took the kick on his own "7," and behind excellent blocking went ninety-three yards along the sideline to put Latin back in the ball game. White's kick was blocked; and St. Mark's still led, 7-6.

Early in the second half Latin began to roll again. Starting from St. Mark's 43-yard line, Latin drove down to the 1-foot line, but lost the ball on a fumble. St. Mark's was stopped cold and kicked to their own "43." Once again Latin began to roll, driving to the "14," where a Shnider-to-Kirk pass was good for a T.D. Latin was now in front, 12-7. White's kick counted for another point.

After the kick-off St. Mark's was again stopped and on last down kicked to Latin's "30." Once more Latin's offensive machine began to roll and drove seventy yards, climaxed by a 32-yard sprint by Fitzgerald for his second touchdown. White's kick failed; but Latin led, 19-7, with very little time remaining.

St. Mark's attempted to take to the air, but couldn't get anywhere, as their passer was continually rushed. The game ended with St. Mark's in possession on their own "38."

*Line-up:* Kirk, Levine, le; LaTorraca, Simches, lt; Hailer, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, c; Casey, rg; Meland, Piraino, rt; Dailey, re; Shnider, qb; Fitzgerald, Connelly, lhb; Dickey, Arena, rhb; Kannegieser, fb.

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Although "Bob" Fitzgerald was the offensive standout, the whole backfield was functioning smoothly . . . After being completely baffled in the first half by a sequence of laterals, Latin's line came alive in the second half, to allow St. Mark's a total offensive gain of three yards . . . The line sparkplug was Frank Casey, who played a stellar game . . . All in all, the defensive and offensive play of Latin gave their followers something to be optimistic about and plenty for E.H.S. to worry about.

## Latin Ties B. C. High

October 13, 1952

An underdog B.L.S. eleven, playing its first Conference game of the season, battled to a draw with a talented B.C. High team, 13-13. Dickey's kick-off boot was run back to the B.C. "41." Two passes and an off-tackle play netted nothing, and B.C.H. was forced to kick. The punt rolled dead on Latin's "32." On the second play

from scrimmage Kannegieser galloped for fifteen yards to mid-field. A Shnider-to-Kirk pass went to the "41;" "Bob" Fitzgerald made first down on the "36;" but at this point, when Latin's drive was stalled, Connelly kicked out to the "7." Neither team could do much, until "Gerry" Simches intercepted a pass on the B.C. "40" and



galloped all the way to put the Purple and White ahead, 6-0.

It was not until late in the second period that either team was able to "break the ice" again. B.C.H. marched fifty yards to tie it up. Latin could do nothing, and the half ended with the score tied.

Latin took the kick-off to start the second half on their own "45." After a brief drive seemed to be stalled, a 20-yard end-run by "Boots" Connelly put Latin on B.C. High's "30." Two plays later, another end-run by the same Connelly for twenty-three yards was good for a T.D.; and White's kick put Latin ahead, 13-6. A little later a B.C. pass play clicked for fifty-two yards to Latin's "21." From here B.C.H. pulled the old "Statue of Liberty" play for the T.D. and then rushed successfully for the point, to tie the score 13-all.

With very little time remaining, Latin took over on their own "35." Sparked by Connelly and Fitzgerald, Latin drove to B.C. High's "2." A penalty set them back to the "7," and from here they attempted a field goal, with only 49 seconds left. With a near-capacity crowd going wild, the play

failed when the pass from center was low and the ball rolled all the way back to the "35." Chris Hasiotis was sent in, with time for one more play. "Chris" faded way back and cut loose with a mighty heave. A premature cheer arose, as Kirk appeared to have made an excellent running catch on the "5;" but, as the dismayed Latin School rooters looked on, it rolled off his fingertips after he had juggled it for an instant. The gun, ending this game, left the 6500 fans limp.

*Line-up:* Kirk, Levine, le; LaTorraca, Simches, lt; Hailer, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, c; Casey, rg; Meland, Piraino rt; Dailey, re; Shnyder, Hasiotis, qb; Fitzgerald, Connelly, McIntyre, lhb; Arena, Dickey, rhb; Kannegieser, fb.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Latin bottled up the heralded Donlan, who could complete only three out of twelve passes . . . Casey and Doherty were defensive standouts . . . Kirk, Kannegieser, Connelly, and "Fitz" starred on the offense . . . Latin, a two-touchdown underdog going against a previously B.C.H. eleven, surprised every one . . . B.L.S. is still unbeaten in regular season play.

## Latin Downs Trade

October 25, 1952

Although hampered by a severe case of first-half *fumblitis*, Latin came up with two last-period touchdowns to defeat a stubborn Trade eleven, 25-13.

Trade won the toss and elected to receive. After Trade had been stopped cold on three attempts, they kicked to their own "45." Latin drove to the "19," but there lost the ball on downs. Trade rocked back, and went to Latin's "21" before they fumbled. Latin took over; and on two successive plays "Boots" Connelly went for sixteen and sixty-four yards respectively, the last run carrying him to pay-dirt to put Latin in front. White's kick was no good, and the score remained 6-0 in Latin's favor.

After the ball had changed hands

several times through fumbles, Trade tied up the score with a long pass. The kick missed, and the score was even at six-all.

After Latin had taken the kickoff, Frank Dickey broke loose to Trade's "19," but fumbled when he was hit; and the Orange and Black took over. Later in the second period, Latin began to march again. On two successive plays, Frank Dickey went to Trade's "19," after a 21-yard gain; and from here "Bob" Fitzgerald carried it over. "Donny" White's kick was good; and Latin led, 13-6. The first half ended with Trade in possession on their own "43."

About midway through the third period, Trade recovered a fumble on

Latin's "30," and from there drove over to come within one point of a tie. Trade rushed successfully for the point, and the score was 13-all.

It wasn't until late in the third quarter that either team was able to get started again. Latin, having finally recovered from its *fumblitis*, began to move. After they had driven from Trade's "43" to the "30," "Boots" Connelly broke loose with an excellent run for his second T. D. to put Latin in front, 19-13. Forgione's kick failed, but Latin had a six-point spread.

From here on, it was Latin's ball game. Taking advantage of a bad kick, they rung up the fourth T. D., with Chris Hasiotis sneaking over from the "one." White's kick was no good, and the score remained Latin—25; Trade—13. Later in the game, Latin began to move again, but time ran out with the Purple in possession on Trade's "20."

*Line-up:* Allen, Smith, Kirk, Bethony, le; LaTorraca, Simches, lt; Hailer, Casey, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, McAvoy, c; Aghjayan, Forgione, rg; Meland, Piraino, rt; Becker, Levine, Dailey, re; Hasiotis, Simmons, Thomas, qb; Fitzgerald, White, lhb; Shnider, McIntyre, Johnson, rhb; Connelly, Dickey, Gillen, fb.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Boots" Connelly again put in a standout performance . . . One of the surprises of the afternoon was Shnider's conversion from quarterback to right half . . . Although he was only in for a few minutes, a freshman quarterback named Simmons showed signs that he may become one of Latin's great signal-callers . . . The team was without the services of "Phil" Arena, who had suffered a leg injury and was forced to view the game from the stands.

## Latin Romps over Memorial

*November 2, 1952*

Latin came up with three second-half touchdowns to defeat Memorial 28-0 in a rather loosely played game at the George White Stadium. Memorial won the toss and elected to receive. The game rocked back and forth in the first quarter, the only threat developing when Memorial drove to the Latin "20," only to be stopped by the excellent defensive play of Frank Dickey. Early in the second period, Latin began to roll from midfield, where Fitzgerald went forty-five yards on a reverse to the Memorial "5." Two plays later, Fitzie cracked over to give Latin a six-point lead. Donny White's kick was good; and Latin led, 7-0. Late in the second period Latin drove to Memorial's "25," only to lose the ball on downs.

Early in the third period a bad pass from center on an attempted punt gave Latin the ball on Memorial's "41." On two successive plays, "Boots" Connelly went sixteen and five yards to Memorial's "20," and from here Bob Fitz-

gerald took a pitchout and went all the way to paydirt. White's kick was good, and the score stood Latin—14; Memorial—0.

Memorial roared back and drove to Latin's "16" before running out of downs. From here, Connelly picked up twenty-five to the Purple's "41," and two plays later Fitzgerald broke loose to the Memorial "16." After Connelly had gone to the "11," a Hasiotis-to-Becker pass clicked for the T.D. White's kick was perfect; and Latin led, 21-0.

Midway through the final period, Dickey picked up sixteen to Memorial's "28." Dick Levine picked up fourteen to the "14"; and, after a 10-yard loss had sent Latin back to the "24," Hasiotis hit Dickey with a pass in the end-zone for another T.D. Al Forgione kicked the point; and Latin led, 28-0.

Later in the game, Latin began to march again and, sparked by "Slash" Johnson and "Jack" Gillen, moved to Memorial's "20" before the gun went off to end the game.

*Line-up:* Allen, Smith, Green, Kirk, Vierra, le; LaTorraca, Simches, Leahy, Schell, lt; Hailer, Kane, Gallagher, Manazir, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, McAvoy, Troiano, c; Aghjayan, Casey, Gallagher, Forgione, rg; Meland, Pirano, Groves, rt; Becker, Watson, Levine, Daily, Bethoney, re; Shnyder, C. Hasiotis, Simmons, Thomas, qb; Fitzgerald, White, olsti, Natali; lhb; Arena, Dickey, Cullen, McIntyre, G. Hasiotis, rhb; Connelly, Gillen, Johnson, fb.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Tiger" White was the defensive standout; Fitzgerald and Connelly kept the offensive moving smoothly . . . Coach McCarthy unveiled some promising backs in Freshmen Dick Levine, "Slash" Johnson, Paul Simmons, and Sophomore Jack Gillen . . . Memorial put up a stiff battle in the first half, but Latin's two-platoon system finally wore them down . . . It's a long time since any one can remember four P.A.T.'s in as many tries.



## Latin Vanquishes Tech

November 7, 1952

Boston Latin ran its unbeaten string to five by defeating a good Tech outfit, 20-13. Tech won the flip, and Latin kicked off. After the ball had changed hands twice, Latin began to move from their own "37." Fitzgerald went off tackle for fifteen, and three plays later "Frank" Dickey went thirty-one yards for a T.D. White's kick was good; and Latin led, 7-0.

Late in the first period Tech recovered a fumble on the Purple's "4" and drove over for a T.D. The kick missed, and Latin's lead was cut to one point. At the end of the first quarter Frank Dickey galloped fifty-five yards to Tech's "4," and on the first play of the second period he snared Hasiotis' pass in the end-zone for his second touchdown. White's kick was good, and Latin led 14-6.

For the rest of the second quarter the play rocked back and forth, with neither team getting anywhere. Early in the third period White intercepted a pass on Latin's "38." Fitzgerald picked up twenty yards on a pitchout, and two plays later "Boot" Connelly lugged the pigskin to Tech's "11." On the very next attempt Connelly went all the way for a T.D., and Latin led, 20-6, when the kick missed.

Tech took the kickoff and promptly drove seventy yards for a score. They rushed successfully for the point; but Latin still led, 20-13. Once again the teams battle each other to a standstill; and when the final gun went off, Latin had the ball on their own "16."

*Line-up:* Smith, le; LaTorraca, lt; Hailer, lg; Doherty, c; Aghjayan, rg;

Meland, rt; Becker, re; Hasiotis, qb; Fitzgerald, lhb; Dickey, rhb; Connelly, fb. *Alternates*—Kirk, Simches, Moriarty, Dailey, Levine, White.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Frank Dickey had probably the best game of his career as he ran wild and played a good defensive game . . .

"Boots" Connelly played his usual good game, and "Chris" Hasiotis did an excellent job of quarterbacking . . . Casey, Doherty, and Aghjayan played excellent defensive ball . . . On the play that set up Tech's final touchdown, an illegal formation was clearly used; but this infraction passed unseen by the officials.

## Latin Edges Dorchester

*November 14, 1952*

Against Dorchester High, Boston Latin ran its unbeaten string to six straight by defeating the team which handed English its first loss, 20-19. For the first time this season Latin won the toss and elected to receive. On the second play from scrimmage, "Boots" Connelly picked up nine yards from his own "31," and in the very next play Frank Dickey picked up eight to the Purple "48." A Hasiotis-to-Becker pass put Latin on the Dorchester "32," and on the next play "Bobby" Fitzgerald went around right end for eleven; but here the drive stalled, and Dorchester took over on their own "17." Neither team seemed to click, until Latin began to drive from their own "18." On two successive plays, Fitzgerald went for eight yards; and a Hasiotis-to-Allen pass gave Latin a first down on the Latin "41." Latin drove down to Dorchester's "45;" and from here Frank Dickey broke through, to go forty-five yards for the score. White's kick was good; and Latin led, 7-0.

Early in the second period, a 40-yard pass play gave Dorchester the ball on Latin's 9-yard line. Three plays made only four yards, but on last down the much-feared Ratto swept around end for a Dorchester tally. An attempted pass for the point was knocked down by Dickey; and Latin's lead had dwindled to one point, 7-6.

Late in the first half, Latin's offensive machine began to pick up speed. Starting from their own "20," they drove to the Purple "42," where "Fitz" picked up sixteen. On the next play Connelly went to the Dorchester "30;"

and on the last down, after the drive seemed stalled, Fitzgerald went to the Dorchester "10" for a first down. Latin drove to the "3," and on third down a Hasiotis-to-Becker pass put Latin in front by seven points. "Donny" White's kick was good; and Latin led, 14-6, with only thirty seconds left in the half.

Early in the third period Latin drove fifty-nine yards to the Dorchester "5," but lost the ball on downs. Two plays later, White intercepted a pass to give Latin the ball on the Dorchester "29." After three more plays, "Boots" Connelly found a big hole and went to the Dorchester "3." From here Fitzgerald went over for a touchdown. The kick missed; and Latin had a 14-point lead, 20-6.

On the first play of the last period a Dorchester pass clicked for thirty-seven yards and a T.D. to cut Latin's lead to eight points. Dorchester attempted to pass for the point; but "Matt" Levine knocked it down, and the score remained 20-12.

Midway through the final period Dorchester intercepted a pass and returned it to Latin's "15." From here the Red and Black drove and lunged successfully for the points to make it Latin—20, Dorchester—19, with three minutes left in the game. Latin took the kickoff and promptly froze the ball until the closing gun went off, with Latin in possession on the Dorchester 27-yard line.

*Line-up:* Allen, Smith, lc; LaTorraca, Simches, lt; Hailer, Aghjayan, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, Casey, rg; Meland,

Piraino, rt; Becker, Levine, Dailey, re; Hasiotis, qb; Fitzgerald, White, lhb; Arena, Dickey, rhb; Connelly, Kannegieser, fb.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Boots" Connelly, who is improving every game, gained 123 yards by rushing. If he keeps improving at this pace, the "Judge" will certainly be one of

the best Latin backs ever . . . Fitzgerald and Dickey kept the offensive spark working, while Casey and Doherty succeeded in bottling up Dorchester's vaunted backs . . . Ratto certainly lived up to his clippings . . . If Latin can get by a not-too-powerful Commerce eleven and an excellent English High squad, they can be assured of at least a tie for the City Championship.

## Latin Mauls Commerce

November 20, 1952

Taking advantage of a new asset, the Commerce fumble, Latin rolled up its highest score in years and the highest Conference score to date while vanquishing their neighbors from Commerce. Commerce won the toss and elected to receive. Commerce took the kick and moved to their own "45" before they fumbled. On Latin's first play from scrimmage "Bob" Fitzgerald went all the way. "Donny" White kicked the point; and Latin led, 7-0.

Latin kicked, and Frank Casey promptly recovered a fumble on the Commerce "26". On the second play from scrimmage "Boots" Connelly went for Latin's second T.D. When the kick was no good, Latin led 13-0, with two minutes thirty seconds gone.

Midway through the first quarter, Commerce intercepted a pass on Latin's "7", and a long pass clicked for a Commerce touchdown. When Commerce missed the point, the score stood 13-6.

Latin took the kick-off; and, sparked by Fitzgerald, moved to the Commerce "21", where a Hasiotis-to-Kirk pass gave Latin its third T.D. White kicked the point to make the score Latin—20, Commerce—6.

After Commerce had been forced to kick, Latin began to roll again from their own "43". Connelly and Fitzgerald moved the ball to the thirty of the Blue and White, where "Fitz" went all the way for his second T.D. White's kick was good, and Latin's lead had mounted to twenty-one points.

Late in the second period, "John" Kannegieser intercepted a pass on the Purple "25". In three plays Cullen and Arena had brought the ball to the

Commerce "20"; and, after driving to the "11", "Duke" Shnider went over. "Al" Forgione kicked the point; and Latin led, 34-6.

With very little time left in the second period, Moriarty intercepted a pass deep in Commerce territory and went the remaining distance unopposed. The try for the point missed; and Latin led, 40-6, as the gun went off to end the first half.

Early in the third period "Jerry" Natale intercepted a Commerce pass and went all the way. "Donny" White kicked the point; and the score stood Latin—47, Commerce—6. Commerce promptly proceeded to fumble the kick-off; and Latin drove to the Blue and White "5", where "Duke" Shnider plunked over for his second T.D. Forgione's kick was no good, and the score remained 53-6. After Coach Walter McCarthy had sent in the entire bench in an effort to keep down the score, the game rocked back and forth, with Latin threatening several times before the final gun went off at the end of an amazingly short second half.

*Line-up:* Kirk, Smith, Green, Vierra, Watson, le; LaTorraca, Simches, Groves, lt; Hailer, Aghjayan, Kane, Gallagher, lg; Doherty, Troiano, Moriarty, McAvoy, c; Casey, Manazir, Forgione, rg; Meland, Piraino, Leahy, Schell, rt; Becker, Dailey, M. Levine, Bethony, re; C. Hasiotis, Simmons, G. Hasiotis, White, qb; Fitzgerald, Shnider, R. Levine, Kolsti, Natale, lhb; Arena, Dickey, Cullen, McIntyre, rhb; Connelly, Kannegieser, Johnson, Gil- len, fb.

## Latin Swamps English

*November 27, 1952*



After battling to a tie towards the end of the third period with their arch-rival, Boston English, Latin came up with three last-period touchdowns to gain the verdict, 30-12, and finish in a tie with B.C. High for the City Championship.

When Latin won the flip of the coin, they elected to receive. Before the crowd of 14,000 had gotten set to enjoy the annual classic, Phil Arena took the opening kickoff and, behind some of the best downfield blocking seen in schoolboy ranks in recent years, went eighty yards for a touchdown. Donny White's try for the point missed; and in exactly eleven seconds, Latin led 6-0.

Latin limited English to only three yards in three plays after the kickoff, and the Blue punted. Bob Fitzgerald took the English kick on his own "20" and, behind some more good blocking, went eighty yards for what seemed to be another touchdown; but it was nullified by a clipping penalty against the Purple on the Latin "38". Four plays later "Boots" Connelly took a pitchout for thirty-four yards to the English 1-yard line; but on the next play Latin fumbled, and English recovered in their end-zone for a touch-

back. Late in the first period, English drove thirty-four yards to tie it up. The kick was no good; and the score was tied, 6-6.

Early in the second period a 34-yard pass gave English the ball on the Purple "23". Three plays later, Burke of English took a pitchout and went all the way. Once again the kick missed; but English led, 12-6.

Latin took the kickoff and began to drive from their own "44". Sparked by "Frank" Dickey and "Bob" Fitzgerald, they drove to the English "2" on nine plays. Four plays later, Latin was still on the English "2", and the gun went off to end the first half.

Early in the third period Latin marched twenty-nine yards to their own "49", after having abandoned their customary "T" for a variation of the wing T. At this point "Boots" Connelly went fifty-one yards off tackle for the equalizer. White missed the point; and the game was tied up at 12-all.

Early in the fourth quarter, English attempted to punt, but Jerry Simches broke through to hit the kicker on the English "22", where Latin took over. Fitzgerald went to the "19", and on the next play Connelly broke through



for his second touchdown. As the kick for the point was low, the score remained Latin—18, English—12.

Latin kicked to the English "31", and on the first play from scrimmage, "Ed" Dailey intercepted a Carey pass on the Blue's "35" and went all the way unopposed. Donny White's kick was blocked, but Latin had a 12-point lead.

Late in the game, when an English halfback fumbled a punt on his own "6", Charlie Smith recovered. Two plays later, Captain John Kannegieser took a pitchout to score Latin's final touchdown. Once again the extra point attempt failed; and Latin led, 30-12. At this point Coach McCarthy cleared the bench, and the third- and

fourth-stringers gave a good account of themselves before the final gun went off.

*Line-up:* Kirk, Smith, Vierra, le: La-Torraca, Simches, Schell, M. Levine, lt; Hailer, Forgione, Kane, lg; Doherty, Moriarty, McAvoy, Troiano, Gallagher, c; Aghjayan, Casey, Manazir, rg; Meland, Piraino, Grove, Leahy, rt; Dailey, Becker, Bethony, re; C. Hasiotis, G. Hasiotis, Simmons, qb; Fitzgerald, White, Shnider, R. Levine, lhb; Arena, Dickey, Kolsti, Natale, McIntyre, rhb; Connelly, Kannegieser, Johnson, Gillen, fb.

#### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Boots" Connelly and "Bob" Fitzgerald shone on the offensive; while Simches, Levine, and Casey were the main reasons English's highly touted backs were bottled up so well . . . Latin finished unbeaten for the first time in three years, as they outplayed English in every department . . . The highlight of the season was Latin's inspired play, when they held a highly favored B.C. eleven to a tie . . . The longest run was Fitzgerald's 90-yard dash against St. Mark's . . . The squad had depth and ability to come through when the chips were down . . . Congratulations are in order to "Pep" McCarthy for turning out an excellent team in his first year as Head Coach.



## Soccer

In its fourth year, the Latin School soccer team has emerged as a strong, sure-footed, well-coördinated unit. With three years' experience tucked under their belts, a large squad of spirited soccermen has developed successfully into a team, despite the loss of their ace, John Staulo. Sparked by Ed Budginas and Co-Captain Vitands, the Purple and White soccer team started their season with a 5-1 romp over Watertown. This victory was followed by a 1-0 win over Revere. The tables started to turn when the Purple and White tied Medford 3-3, and then

lost to Revere, 3-1. In an attempt to boost their record, the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur tied Belmont 1-1, in the midst of an autumnal down-pour. Playing with only nine men, rather than eleven, the team finished a successful season with a 3-1 victory over Medford.

*Line-up:* Vitands c.h.; Klemas f.b.; Goldberg r.w.; Budginas c.f.; Russman l.w.; Dussik r.f.; Miller r.h.; Strock r.h.; Troen l.h.; Collias l.h.; Beaumont l.w.; McGowan l.f.; Johnson f.b.; Dowling f.b.; McLane g.; Ozols l.h.

## Cross Country

The Latin School Harriers easily dominated the Boston Scene in 1952. B.L.S. won the City Championship by emerging triumphant in the cross country Regimentals as Dick Wharton placed fourth, Bill Bradley fifth, and Tom Flynn eighth to spearhead the Latin contingent. The Purple then proceeded to come within a hair of winning the State Meet as Dick Wharton took second place, Tom Flynn sev-

enth, and Bill Bradley tenth, leading the team to a second-place finish.

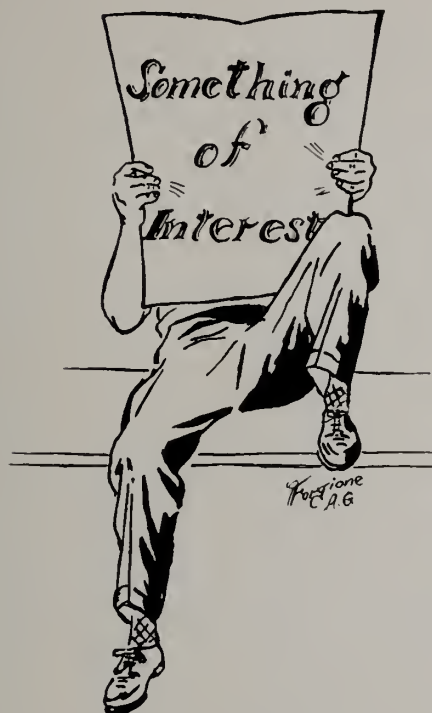
Outstanding performers throughout the season were senior Dick Wharton (co-captain) and junior Tom Flynn. These two were selected to represent Massachusetts in the New England Meet. Other sterling performers were Bill Bradley, Bob Livolsi (co-captain), Chet Rose, Don Pearson, and Jack McGuire. Promising youngsters are Paul Epstein, Mel Ahind, and Harvey Gins.

## Alma Mater

A. H. MARTIN, '56

He pauses by the marble stair  
 And sees the *Alma Mater* there.  
 He stares and then advances slowly,  
 As if towards something rare and holy.  
 The striking beauty of the face  
 He sees, but stands abashed before such grace:  
 For in her hand there lies the plaque.  
*They* did not quake or stay far back.  
 "They faced their duty; live or die.  
 If they could do it, why can't I?"





The halls of Latin School resounded to traditional recitations as Classes VI and V listened spellbound to the First Public Declamation of the new year on Friday, October 17. The speakers were Albert Divver, Donald Richard Friary, Vincent Samuel Ceglie, John Joseph King, Theodore Saul Herman, Maurice Samuel Cerul, Bernard Arthur Geller, Anthony Peter Giordano, Herbert Esar Milstein, Bruce Stuart Nielsen, Myron David Cohen, Frank Robert Lyons, and Marc Herbert Richman.

\* \* \* \*

Blinded by dazzling posters and deafened by campaign oratory, the Senior class marched to the polls on November 4. Those elected and consequently responsible for holding the class together through the years are Robert Fitzgerald, *President*; John Kannegieser, *Vice-President*; and William White, *Secretary-Treasurer*. Christos Hasiotis heads the Class Committee, which includes Gerard B mis, James Dolan, David Goldberg, Henry Heifetz, and Theodore Nichols.

\* \* \* \*

Once again, a contingent of Boston Latin's finest visited our old alumnus

THOMAS J. HEGARTY, '53

"Bob" Clayton at Radio Station WHDH to present a survey of the School's taste in popular music. Latin



School representatives included Alan Cushner (307), Albert Klainer (334), and Barry Robinson (333), who are shown with Mr. Clayton in the picture.

\* \* \* \*

On October 22, 1952, the Class I members of the Debating Club conducted a forum in the Boston Latin School auditorium. The subject, "Resolved That the President of the United States Should Be Elected by a direct Vote of the People," was debated by Marc Herbert Richman and Alan Levenson for the affirmative and Marvin Spiegel and Marshall R. Lifson for the negative. The forum was recorded and broadcast by transcription over Station WMEX at 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, October 27.

\* \* \* \*

In the "Know English" Contest, sponsored by Boston College, B.L.S. will be represented by Charles Segal, James Gibbons, and Thomas J. Hegarty, all of 301. The alternate will be Charles Berlin of Class II. The top prize is a full scholarship to Boston College.

\* \* \* \*

The survivors of a difficult elimination examination for the Hearst History semifinal examination are James Gibbons, Morris M. Goldings, and Alan Levenson, all of Class I. They are now eligible to compete for cash prizes, ranging upwards to a \$2000 national scholarship.

Myron Cohen of 301 finished third in the Metropolitan Boston Finals of the 1952 Red Feather Junior Leader Oratorical Contest. As one of the top three winners, he appeared as a panelist on WBZ-TV's "Backporch Experts" show.

\* \* \* \*

Welcome to the following masters who have recently arrived at Latin School: Mr. Bergen of 204, Mr. Clark of 133, Mr. Duffy of 316, Mr. Fielding of 123, Mr. Boylan of 312, Mr. Avery of 121, Mr. Doerfler of 118, Mr. McMorrow of 306, Mr. Mosher of 229, Mr. O'Brien of 333, and Mr. Zantor of 335. May your years at Latin School be long and pleasant!

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations are due Mr. John Doyle, former head of the Mathematics Department, who has become Headmaster of East Boston High School. Although Latin School is sorry to lose so good a man, it is pleased to hear that he has passed another milestone in the *cursum honorum* of education.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, November 24, Coach McCarthy and John Kannegieser, captain of Latin School's smashing football team, appeared with "Bump" Hadley on WBZ-TV to discuss Latin's famous annual Thanksgiving football

game with English High, the game which first made football popular.

\* \* \* \*

The annual reunion and banquet of the alumni of Latin School was held at the Harvard Club on Monday evening, November 24. The speaker of the evening was Hon. Joseph P. Kennedy, '08, former Ambassador to England, who spoke on the timely subject of foreign policy. For the great many who attended, the evening was both enlightening and pleasant.

\* \* \* \*

Since the beginning of the year, Latin School has been host to the admissions officers of the following colleges: Harvard, Bates, Brandeis, Boston College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, and Tufts. By the eagerness which the gentlemen displayed in talking in the auditorium, it is evident that Latin School boys are welcome at their respective colleges.

\* \* \* \*

*Flash!* Congratulations to Latin School's entrants in the Hearst History Examination. In the New England semi-finals, James Gibbons of 301 won First Prize with the amazing score of 98. Alan Levenson of 304 and Morris M. Goldings of 301 took Second and Fifth Prizes respectively.

## Ode to a Faithful Friend

MARSHALL R. LIFSON, '53

O friend in need, consoler of tears,  
 Boon companion through high school years,  
 How deadly dull the hours would be,  
 Squandered in scholarly mystery,  
 Without your words to comfort me!  
 As I turn from Caesar in despair  
 And, vexed by Virgil, my hair I tear,  
 I know you're there to pull me through.  
 When the tests get rough with grades rough, too,  
 I'm sure I can always count on you.  
 What more can I say in homage just  
 To you, my friend and greatest trust?  
 How lucky my fortune, how happy my lot  
 When I furtively entered that store and bought  
 My saviour and guide, the interlinear trot!

## Alumni Notes

MARC HERBERT RICHMAN, '53

The members of the class of 1902, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation, have presented to the Boston Latin School, three flags: an American flag, a Massachusetts flag, and a Boston flag, with the wish and hope that the flags will represent the interest that their class has in the continued welfare of the school.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Paul Zoll, '28, a member of the Harvard Medical School faculty and cardiologist at the Beth Israel Hospital, has developed a simple emergency treatment for the patient whose heart stops beating during an operation. Two electric hypodermic needles are jabbed into the body, one on each side; and the alternating current serves to revive and stimulate the heart-beat. His findings are reported in the *Journal of the New England Medical Association*.

\* \* \* \*

A modern operetta, "Trouble in Tahiti", by Leonard Bernstein, '35, was presented on television in a special performance Saturday, November 22.

\* \* \* \*

"Eddie" Rosenthal, '52, last year's football captain and class president, played for the Harvard Freshmen as defensive tackle.

\* \* \* \*

Russel E. Long, '41, after having received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering with High Honor, is now working at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

\* \* \* \*

Robert E. Gately, '45, who majored in English Journalism at Northeastern, distinguished himself by graduating with honors and being elected to "Who's Who in American Colleges."

\* \* \* \*

Lowell P. Beveridge, '21, joined the staff of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia, this fall as Professor of Speech and Music. Beveridge was ordained as a deacon

at St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, on May 15, where he had been organist and director of Chapel music since 1930.

\* \* \* \*

Wilfred Malenbaum, '30, has written a book, *World Wheat Economy*, which has gone to the publishers. Malenbaum received a Wells Prize Award in 1943, which enabled him to study at Cambridge University in the summer of 1951. This past spring he made a trip around the world. He served as U.S. representative at the Colombo Plan meetings in Karachi, whence he returned with many stops.

\* \* \* \*

James G. Palacas, '48, has been appointed as military geologist in the United States Geological Survey.

\* \* \* \*

Sidney M. Bergman, '16, Executive Director of the Montefiore Hospital in Pittsburgh, has been admitted to the International Hospital Federation in London.

\* \* \* \*

Arthur Cantor, '35, has established a theatrical publicity office in New York City.

\* \* \* \*

Leo Shubow, '20, has just published his latest book, *Israel Lives Again*.

\* \* \* \*

Seaton W. Manning, '30, has been elected third vice-president of the American Association of Social Workers. He is executive secretary of the San Francisco Urban League and lecturer in sociology at San Francisco State College.

\* \* \* \*

During the academic year, 1952-53, Maurice H. Heins, '33, Professor of Mathematics at Brown University, will engage in research in mathematics as a member of the Faculty of Science at the University of Paris. He has received a Fulbright grant for that purpose and a President's Fellowship from Brown.

## Our Lords and Masters

### RICHARD WILLIAM NEWMAN

Teaches German and French in 233 . . . Born in Boston, now resides in Wollaston . . . Graduated from Dorchester High School . . . Degrees: Boston University (A. B., 1935) and Teachers' College of Boston (M. Ed. 1936) . . . Captain, Signal Corps during World War II and now a member of Reserve . . . Married; has a son and a daughter . . . Taught at Woodrow Wilson School and at School for Veterans . . . Hobbies: tennis and music . . . Comments: "Obtain as much education as possible under the precarious circumstances of selective service."



### WILLIAM B. BERGEN

Teaches social studies in 204 . . . Born in Boston, now resides in Westwood . . . Graduated from English High School . . . Degrees: Boston College (A. B.), Boston Teachers College (Ed. M.) . . . Participated in baseball, hockey, tennis, and golf at college . . . Married; has a son and a daughter . . . Came to B. L. S. in January, 1952 . . . Served five years with Corps of Engineers during World War II; still active in military government reserve . . . Hobbies: horticulture, tennis, and golf . . . Advice: "Think and study harder. Integrate your Latin School education with community living. Participate in school and community activities, so that in the future you will become active leaders in the American way of life."



### WALLACE M. CLARK

Teaches math in 133 . . . Born in Syracuse, N. Y.; now resides in Jamaica Plain . . . Graduated from English High School . . . Degrees: Harvard University (A. B.) and Middlebury College (French School) (M. A.) . . . Participated in tennis and boxing at college . . . Married; has two daughters and a son . . . Remarks: "A very fine school — It's an honor to be invited" . . . Hobbies: horticulture and photography.





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## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

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- Sept. 11:* Yippee! Hooray! That wretched summer vacation is finally over. Ye R.R.R. thought it would never end! Back again to the land of enchantment: swimming pool, lavish classrooms with upholstered furniture; and on each floor an ogre, called Mr. Meanor.
- Sept. 12:* No books were to be given out on Thursday; but at 12:01 a.m. on Friday, an English master in 235, who shall be nameless, made up for lost time by handing five (*cinq, quinque, or fünf*) volumes to his Seniors. Panic was averted when the master assured the class that the books would last fully two weeks.
- Sept. 15:* Sir, come out from under that table! Those little three-foot monsters with green sacks aren't Martians, they're Sixies.
- Sept. 16:* It is becoming increasingly difficult to move around the corridors without tripping over either (a) a new boy or (b) a new teacher.

- Sept. 17:* The R. R. R. will remain anonymous until such times as we are granted "editorial immunity."
- Sept. 18:* No! No! No! IT CAN'T BE SO! Room 335 (*ugh!*) beat Room 301 in the Loyalty Fund Collections! The homeroom master of the latter *salle* took defeat gallantly and congratulated the victors in his customary gracious manner: "They're jealous, but I'm willing to sacrifice the honor for the good of the school."
- Sept. 19:* It has been rumored that certain masters are jumping the gun by collecting Loyalty Fund money during the summer. An investigation is in order.
- Sept. 22:* According to Mr. Dunn, the supreme authority on matters official, there are 267 members in Class I, 250 of whom will probably graduate. 'Taint funny, Bub! At least 67 are worried.
- Sept. 23:* Today we achieved an achievement-test-style achievement test. Confused? Ye R.R.R. was, too.
- Sept. 25:* While studying his history assignment, Ye R.R.R. made this significant discovery: Famous as they are, Marilyn Monroe and Dolly Madison have nothing in common —but *nothing*.
- Sept. 26:* Class I was so shocked by the early arrival of class rings that 267 boys showed up as soon as Room 301 was notified.
- Sept. 30:* A new club has been formed to study anthropology, psychology, sociology, and related subjects. Today's bulletin, however, states that

- only boys of Classes IV and V may join. Obviously, Class VI is too immature for these studies.
- Oct. 1: This is T-Day: T for taste, T for throat, and T for ties; or, summer seashore season ceases simultaneously.
- Oct. 3: Now that recorded music is being played in the lunchroom, the *Register* staff is holding out for a television set in Room 235.
- Oct. 6: *Edict* #63457: "If you fall down an elevator shaft and break your leg, don't go running to the nurse."
- Oct. 8: A "Hut-tu-tee-fuh" for the team on three: Mr. Lambert is back.
- Oct. 9: A Sixie wants to know if there's anything to the rumor that Joe Zileh is running for Class Committee.
- Oct. 12-13: Columbus discovered America; but Vespuccius, Magellan, and Ponce de Leon helped. Why not get a few days off for them, too. Hmm??
- Oct. 15: There was a Junior Achievement Assembly today; but, by far, the greater achievement was the following gem heard coming from the rostrum: "Boys, I know your teachers aren't all here."
- Oct. 16: *Overheard in Latin Class*: "Just because you're an Arab doesn't mean you can come to school with a pony."
- Oct. 17: Tsk, tsk! Marks close, and we have had only 127.62 points in physics this month.
- Oct. 20: Being able to swear in seven different languages does not make one a linguist, Jones.
- Oct. 22: *Overheard in Room 208*:  
*Master*: "Why didn't Howe help Burgovne at Saratoga?"  
*Pupil*: "The British War Minister, George Germain, was fond of hunting pigeons; that's how he happened to pigeon-hole Howe's orders."
- Oct. 24: Unfortunately, the B. L. S. elections will not be predicted by Gallup this year; the authorities don't like the implication of his name. (Gallup=Hoof=Horse=Trot=Censure.)
- Oct. 27: *Overheard in 208*:  
 "Back in Jefferson's day, the Federalists called him a *filthy* Democrat. Ha, ha, ha."
- Oct. 28: The French Club meeting included everything but the kitchen-sink; a talk on that subject will be given next week.
- Oct. 29: Something new in the lunchroom! With the addition of dinner music, the price will be 35-cent minimum, with a cover charge after twelve o'clock.
- Nov. 4: Ye R.R.R. wishes to congratulate the winners of the Senior elections. To the losers, a word of consolation should suffice: The Democrats need you!
- Nov. 5: Somebody called for a recount. There are 267 in the class; 266 votes were cast, and three were absent—STRANGE!
- Nov. 6: Dean Bender of Harvard visited the school today: All Seniors were patriotic: they wore blue suits, white shirts, and crimson skin. We mustn't seem too eager, you know.
- Nov. 7: Here is something for the "better" boys only: *Lisez en français: Pas de lieu Rhone que nous*. What? You get it? Who told you?
- Nov. 10: The Boston Ballroom representatives must have used an IBM machine to count all the 743<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> first place votes for "High Noon." They reached the result in thirty seconds. Oh, well; *Math. Tech.*, you know.
- Nov. 12: *Problem*: A physics teacher floats one-fourth submerged in the Great Salt Lake. How much weight is required to submerge him?  
*Answer*: Thirty students.
- Nov. 14: It seems there is a new game in Physical Ed. The object is to see how fast you can change from your street clothes to your uniform and back again. Ye R.R.R. almost won until his sweatshirt just got up and walked away.
- Nov. 16: The Air Raid Sirens wailed today, but boys in physics class were not scared: "If those were bombs, Jack, we would be dead now, anyway."
- Nov. 17: *Deadline*—What an appropriate word for this column!

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